

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

And They Moved

September 1 and May 1 and many days preceding and following those dates are commonly reported and pretty generally known as "moving day," and the big wagons, small drays and covered vehicles go about the streets swaying with personal and intimate looking property of those who move. Wiggly wagons and rickety wagons, offset now and then by quite a prancing pair of mules and an occasional covered van, are in attendance to convey the belongings of that unfortunate woman who must needs change her habitation, and all up and down the streets doleful looking horses and more or less moth-eaten mules decorate the front entrances of the houses, and the springs to the spare room bed lean nonchalantly against the palings.

So much has been said of moving and the trials and tribulations that descend a thousandfold on the head of the housekeeper and home-maker at such times, with great epics being written every day, Monday or no by master minds on the subject, that one wonders that facilities that really could be improved continue to exist. Teamsters should by rights have gathered many shekels to themselves this month, judging from the very limited number of men who could and would move people as slowly as they did it, which clearly demonstrated the supply, if on any day so designate it, as entirely inadequate to meet the demand. Distracted women ran about the streets with their hats at unbearably and dangerous angles and cared not for George or Thomas or Jim had failed to put in an appearance, and Mrs. ——— was even at that moment backing her wagon up to your front door, and you were yet within your household goods in disordered array. And even after the moving and prevailing mover had finally been run to earth with his wagon shamelessly full of your neighbor's furniture and had been induced to abandon her to the tender mercies of no one knows what, it did look as if scarcely a stick of anything would survive to ornament the other house. "And really," as an exceedingly bright woman was heard to remark, "it is rather disconcerting to see the legs of your chairs squish from chippendale to dauchund in the hands of men whose sole idea and aim in life seemed to come as near the straw that proverbially breaks the backs of camels and other beasts of burden, we suppose, before budging his wagon an inch from your doorstep."

And it rained! Himmel, how the rains came and the floods descended on the mahogany and flowered mattresses of the rich and the oak and green plush parlor set of the poor without the slightest discrimination whatsoever. And still the vans rattle up and down not over the hill to the porch, but around the corner to the new one, and then to one the former occupant is serenely moving out at least two days too late as you arrive, and is to be found breakfasting at an isolated table in the center of the very room in which you had planned to dump everything. Your chairs adorn the sidewalk, and you lean wearily against the banisters—and yet it is only 10 o'clock. The shoes and hats and coats and other garments of the paperers, who will not finish, in fact, have never been known to finish at a given time, litter the place, and the rain outside continues to fall on the furniture, also outside by reason of divers and many things.

In spite of the "crops and farmers" and all the long prayers for rain from a godly and suffering community, there have been women who might prefer fewer potatoes, and two days of sunshine on and around September 1 or thereabouts.

One does not move every day. Praise Allah for that! but the weariness and depression of it all is ever before one's eyes, and all the cozy teas in comfortable living rooms next winter could scarcely eliminate the vision of those same chairs and tables waiting their turn on the porch and later huddled in the middle of a bare room awaiting distribution after those unwary and elusive people known as painters and paperers have slapped on the last coat of paint or cloth and departed.

Jewel Novelties.

A new form of jewelry that is especially becoming is the band of black velvet ornamented with a tracery of diamonds or a lattice work of Parisian stones. These are shown in neck ribbons and bracelets, and while the velvet is usually black, colored effects are newer and more unusual.

Instead of the heavy arm watch set in leather or metal, the newest form is a tiny square watch, gold faced and set in diamonds or other jewels, worn on a black velvet wrist band.

A Safety Device.

The housewife who has had to choose between a good maid with a dizzy head or uncleaned windows on the outside "ill welcome a new mop for just such purposes." It is provided with a handle, in which it works at right angles, and can be manipulated on the outside of a window without putting as much as a hand over the sash.

It may be harder to get the exact amount of polish produced by perching perilously on a narrow ledge, but with practice glass can be kept clear without risk to the cleaner.

Snowy Blossoms.

The vogue of the pure white hat has produced a wonderful profusion of snowy blossoms made of satin, taffeta and French crepe. Pretty roses of crepe are accompanied by taffeta leaves softened by a veiling of the crepe, and the white satin rosettes have leaves of the same material in a corresponding size. French crepe is put to many other decorative uses on these hats besides the making of flowers. On one model a full pleating of it stands up all round the crown, giving it the fashionable height, and to this is added a band and bow of velvet ribbon, another asset of the smart milliner that is especially charming in white.

Where Becky Sharp May Be Met.

Becky Sharp, Miss Talbot further says, drives a motor nowadays, without a chauffeur. Her portrait by Sargent will be in the spring exhibitions some time in the next two or three years. She will probably open a cake shop in Regent Street, and all the world will take tea there.

What Amelia Does.

Amelia does comes into the line of Ethel Talbot's. It is said that Amelia keeps to herself now and in an enthusiastic amateur rosarian. She admires Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems and the novels of Winston Churchill—and of course, her pet saint is Dean Hove.



FOR THE AFTERNOON.

L'Art de la Mode.

Increasing Use of Laces Notable Fashion Feature

The renaissance of lace has been one of the most interesting features of the last year's models, and one that women have hailed with enthusiasm. Not in all the realm of chiffons is there any one thing more exquisite, more becoming, more delicately feminine than good lace, and always rare laces have had their place in fashion's show; yet the enthusiasm over lace has ebbed and flowed and in recent seasons it has been at low tide.

One might use a bit of good lace here or there on a frock, but the modes have not favored lavish use of laces. For that one needs a time of frills and flounces, of soft floating drapery effects, of fichus and scarfs and jabots.

Clinging Lines.

The clinging, unbroken lines, the flatly applied or inset trimmings, the extraordinary vogue of hand embroidery, have all conspired against the popularity of laces save as they might be used for inset effects, for gumples, for band trimmings.

Gradually a change has been making itself felt. Even when so far as the general public, the crowd, was concerned, the possibilities of lace seemed dimmed, when the very narrow short and the rather monotonous kimono bodice was unrelieved by any fluffiness save, perhaps, for a jabot or front frill, a significant note was sounded in the little circle of the ultra-chic, that circle in which the modes are born, or rather in which the modes are reborn, in the brains of the great French designers are developed.

The great collar taking on soft fichu lines opened a way for soft lace drapery. The tunic suggested undergarments

of lace lightly veiled, or veiling robes of flimsy lace over plain materials. Gradually the "flou" has asserted itself more and more and with it has come the opportunity of the laces.

Flounces have invaded the province of the plain, narrow skirt, demure and chastened flounces, interfering but little with the narrowness of the silhouette, yet undeniably flounces, proving a hint of what the French call "flou" or "mouvement," and lovely when developed in fine laces.

Fluffy Frills.

The short, straight tunic blazed a way for the double and triple skirt. The long tunic fell to meet a froth of little flat frills on the underrobe instead of the long-accepted plain skirt bottom. Sometimes the group of little overlapping frills was posed high on the skirt above a deep footband. Sometimes the frills were hardly to be accepted as frills because they were in the very narrow laces, such as narrow Valenciennes, and were perhaps set on in festoons or scallops rather than straight lines; but whatever their form, they were in the nature of handkerchiefs on fashion's wall, as were the fichu folds and draperies, the fluffy blouse frills.

A New Way of Sewing On Laces.

To apply lace edging or insertion to material with the same effect as when rolled and whipped, but without the tedious work, hold the lace next to you, about one-eighth of an inch below the raw edge of material; commence at the right, sew over and over, bringing the needle through each time toward you, just catching the lace. Be careful to let the thread hold down the raw edge smoothly.

The Self-Centred Girl

The self-centredness of the modern young woman is annoying and unattractive to the older women who have been trained to show interest in the people with whom they come in contact.

In other days it was not considered good manner for a young girl to be uninterested and indifferent to what her elders said to her, but nowadays she does not even strive to disguise her lack of interest, and her air of absolute boredom is an affront against good taste and breeding.

She frequently maintains an absorbed silence when not with her intimate set of young friends, or else answers in such a careless and indifferent manner that older women hesitate to draw her into conversation.

What has become of the young girl who was always sweet and agreeable to older persons, who used her prettiest manner and most charming smile when talking to them? Surely we have not seen the last of her, for she was one of the most refreshing things in life.

And the young person who has taken her place, who half turns her shoulder upon older women, proving by her attitude and manner the unspeakable insult that she is suffering, is, to say the least, a bit trying.

Strive as one will to gain her interest, one has the sensation of falling utterly. She manages to convey to one without the slightest insolence, except of manner, that one is not worth considering. Scramble around in one's mind for the little tennis and golf knowledge that one possesses, and drag it forth for her edification, and one is met by a bored stare and absolute unresponsiveness.

The older woman seems scarcely to possess in the whole range of her intellect a topic that is worth the consideration of the young women of the day.

DAINTY FASHIONS SEEN IN THE SHOPS

Garden parties, matinees and afternoon teas have brought out many new tricks of fashion in feminine adornment. The most attractive is, perhaps, the new double collar.

These fluffs of fancy encircle the neck instead of the stiff boned collar or its uncomfortable relation, the linen collar, and rising from a corolla of cloudy fabric the face appears soft and flower-like.

These collarettes are made of tulle (the water-proof variety), mousseline de sole or of embroidered handkerchief linen.

Most of them show edges of heads or of fine silk fringe joined to the material with rows of French knots or beads. A collarette of grey chantilly and tulle, for instance, has small set beads dotted in profusion all over its surface. A moire ribbon held the collar in place and fell in long loops and ends to below the waist line.

Some of them are tied over the left shoulder, with the ends of ribbon falling left of the centre of the back.

White tulle dotted with tiny brilliant red glass beads and tied with red ribbon makes an effective finish for the white serge or silk suit. Black tulle with white Indian beads dotting it is designed to be worn with black or any color chosen for the costume.

For evening, all the delicate shades imaginable are used, lace, tulle and mousseline de sole are best, for they give the required fluffy frame for the face.

They are newer than the scarf and much more becoming.

Elizabethan Ruffs.

The latest arrival in the neckwear departments is a queer-looking arrangement which is a cross between a

fichu and a chemise. This Elizabethan ruff, as it is called by the salesperson, is made of white silk and comes out over the shoulder like a broad sailor collar, and has ends that reach nearly to the waist line in front. The neck is cut out in a V, and in this V is a standing frill of pleated net. There are wide cuffs of the silk and a girlish belt with a pleated frill attached at its lower edge.

Irish Crochet Still Popular.

Irish crochet continues to be popular medium for the adorning of neckwear, but an important difference has crept into the work, for, while wonderfully fine, it is simple both in design and method of making. The lace of one novel-shaped collar displayed in an exclusive shop is worked in sections in a new way and set on to the embroidered linen collar with a rose medallion in each corner. There are many charming effects in Dutch collars in a new thistle design worked with the roll stitch and another use of the rose medallion.

New Hair Ornaments.

Some new hair ornaments are being shown. Notable among these is a tucking comb with three rings or extensions at the top, through which the braids are passed to form coils. A special pattern of this description has hooks to which the ends of the braids may be attached. With this comb, which is patented, the dressing may be made before adjusting to the hair.

Another simpler comb, also patented, has two knobs or horns at the side about which the hair can be twisted when dressing. Both styles of these combs are having a considerable movement.

Leaving For School

They are all leaving this week. The girls and boys termed the "youngster set" by the society reporter and the authors of certain big problem novels, and whether the pursuit of their "little Latin and less Greek" is a weary drag or quite the reverse, the alert minds that start out is a matter after all of the material about to be educated. Many of the girls are going to finishing schools in New York, where the fashionable array of young misses is quite a sight—time falls no to depict the various exits and entrances of drawing-room, carriage, and so forth, with all the frothy little nothings that will fill their pretty heads and make them so important in the secret places of their own little souls.

And as to the trousseaus that just now seem quite as elaborate as that of the autumn bride about to be launched on the sea of matrimony with the usual accompaniment of champagne, rice and bridesmaids, the day is long past when a simple little house dress and fresh tulle for the theatre and an occasional visitor was all the real dressing done by school girls. Then their only extravagance were huge boxes of variegated hair ribbons and horrible excesses on chocolate creams. Now, at least one evening dress, supplemented by a dinner gown and tailor-made suit seems necessary to the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of the entire crowd. But fashion is kind to us, and with limited means it is still possible for us to be well dressed, for remnants are still playing an important part in the combination dresses and simplicity makes duplication of Paris models an easy matter for the home dressmaker.

Again, not all of our girls go North to be "finished," and though the "simple life" is a thing largely exploited in books and magazines, the multitudes explode the theory, loudly applaud what the good man or woman has to say on the subject and continue along the gay and festive way of fluffy clothes and elaborate food.

And a great many of them are going to school to learn the things that are written in the books and taught by their teachers in long rooms bound on the north and east by blackboards and teacher and on the south and west by a vista of the hills turning from blue to gold and somebody across the campus playing tennis, may be the first weeks do drag a little, but some of them have hitched their wagons to lovely stars of ambition. Of course a great many will be jolted over the sides or out of the back end, but the main lead will come bumping along the road to success, and before we know it the whole town will be swarming with an entirely new set of lawyers, doctors, merchants, authors and bankers—all bent on being the biggest one there, and, by the way, one has read somewhere in some far off and forgotten chronicle that that is the way the big people of this big world are really made.

Suggestions for Luncheon Menu.

A novel overture to the luncheon menu for one of these fall days would be clam cocktails frapped. They are not much trouble to prepare, and especially when guests are looked for add quite a touch of modernity.

To make them you will need one point of clam juice. Add to the juice one-half cup of vegetable relish or tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of grated horseradish and Worcester-shire sauce, juice of one lemon and four drops of tabasco. Turn into a freezer and freeze. Serve in lemon cups, having these cups in champagne flares surrounded with shaved ice. Bank watercress around the stem of the glass so as to hide it after placing the glass itself on a small plate with dolly beneath.

Or these little appetizers made with egg may be substituted, if the clam juice is not at hand to lead off a more or less impromptu bill of fare. Combine one-third teaspoonful horseradish, one teaspoonful of grape fruit juice, three drops of tabasco, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup and a dash of salt. (These are the proper portions for each cocktail.) Chill thoroughly and just before serving add an egg whipped to a light froth. Serve in cocktail glasses with a little cracked ice.

For a cold entree on a hot day, try this excellent way with chicken. Cut up and wash a fowl as usual, and place it in a pan with hot water to cover. Bring it quickly to a boil, then reduce the heat and simmer it until tender. Pick the meat from the bones and return the latter to the broth. Add a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, half an onion, in which stick two cloves, and about a half teaspoonful of salt. Simmer the broth until reduced to less than a pint. Put the meat, light and dark, alternately, into a mold lined with paper and decorated with a hard-boiled egg, cut in slices or fancy shapes. Strain the liquid over the meat, after which put the dish in a cool place for half an hour. Now place a closely fitting board or cover upon the mold and invert it, weighing. Let it stand until the following day, when it may be easily sliced.

Another delicate entree, a hot one this time, is a crab mousse, for which this is the formula: Pound a cup of crab meat (a generous cup, by the way), and the unbroken whites of two eggs in a mortar until the whole is reduced to a pulp. Add gradually, pounding all the time, a half cup of cold bechamel. After the sauce has all been added and the combination has been thoroughly smoothed, press through a fine sieve and the mixture is now heat stiff and dry two egg whites and add a cup of thick whipping cream until firm through. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch or more of pepper if liked, to the crab. Now fold in the beaten egg and the whipped cream, and pour into a buttered mold, set the mold in a pan of water, and pour in boiling water to half the height of the mold. Do not allow the water to boil, but cook gently until the mixture is firm on a low fire. Unmold, turn out, have beaten with peas or other fish sauces, decorated with peas. Or, if a ring mold be used, the centre is filled with green peas.

Thackeray's Women.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Alton, Cambs., a hundred years ago on Tuesday next, and so the magazines are full of reminiscences of Thackeray's life and his writings.

Ethel Talbot, writing for Book News Monthly, draws a picture of Thackeray's women, which she says are habitually taken from life. People in real life, she estimates, have been to tea with Mrs. Pendennis, shopped with Blanche Amory and played bridge with Becky Sharp.